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COVER DESIGN by Vincent Lambert

EDITORIAL



WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

What is wrong with the U. S. Government? People often wonder, but why don't they find out?

As I sat in my study period this morning I picked up my "Junior Review" and the first article my eyes lit upon was a series of pictures. It was a comic strip about people sitting back and not doing anything for their government. The world today is in a turmoil, we all know, but what are we doing about it? You probably say, "What can I do? I am only a student and too young to vote anyway." What are your parents doing? When they are griping about the conditions that exist, why not ask them if they are doing all they can about it? They probably won't like your questions at first, but as they think it over they will. When before they would say, "I'm not going to the polls on election day because my one little vote won't mean much anyway," they might now say, "If I think that, maybe hundreds of other people also say that." So immediately you have made some progress, because they have now decided they should and would go.

While we are settling back and enjoying prosperous times everything is "shipshape." But what about when things are hard to get as they are now? Who's to blame? Why naturally you blame the President, or the Government in general. The Democrats blame the Republicans, and the Republicans, blame the Democrats. Who really is to blame? You yourself are to blame and also people like you.

Why don't we all "get behind the wheel" and do something about it ourselves instead of seeing whom we can blame?

Marilyn Kent, '47

POST WAR CONSCRIPTION

Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, our vast United States suffered one of the greatest atrocities the world has ever known. Yes, the crafty Japanese, even while their good-will ambassadors were talking terms of peace in Washington, had their air force primed for the biggest back-stabbing affair of our history. Sailors of our regular navy died without half the chance they deserved. Marines on the far-flung islands of the Pacific were crucified. The so-called "lucky" Marines were captured and thrown into the hell-holes the obdurate Japs had the audacity to call prison camps. A man can take it if he can meet his enemy half way on even terms. But how can you expect a man to defend himself when his enemy sneaks up behind him?

It will be a long time before the whole true story of these barbaric deeds that the callous fanatics bragged about will be known to the world. Our fighting men who have heard about them from their buddies will not talk about them.....and their buddies who actually suffered these atrocities are dead now. After the last war we disarmed our Army and Navy. Everlasting peace was finally acquired for the whole world, such was the mistaken belief of our war-weary population. The Germans

proved this a fallacy when they rose up.....out of nowhere it seemedand demonstrated to the world that they were more powerful than any neighbors in Europe. Holland, France, Poland, and a good part of Russia fell before the Nazi onslaught. Teamed with Japan, they thought themselves invincible.

It took us four long years to win this war, a war which we fought not because we wanted to, but because we were forced to fight! Yes, we paid dearly in human life, and we made other sacrifices, too. Some people will pay for years and years because the shadow of grief will always hover over them.

The big issue facing us now is, "Shall we once again expose ourselves to the ever-scheming nations of the world?" Shall we stand alone. . . . weak and unprotected.....shores unguarded.....open to any nation

which might brazenly enter our great land and "put us under their thumb" so to speak? The answer is emphatically "No!"

Universal military training for all fit males between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one for a period of two years should be compulsory. Not only would this keep a vast Army and Navy to protect our rich United States, but would train them in case of another such emergency that took place in 1941.

I, for one, advocate military training for the youth of today. Military training teaches you to think for yourself and act for yourself. It keeps you mentally alert and physically fit. Military training makes the youth of today better men of tomorrow.

Come America, let's use our heads now, so we won't lose them later.

Stephen Doherty, '47

LITERARY



IN OLD SALEM

The town had that deserted, sleepy look of 8:00 a. m. as Nan, Barbie, and I walked along the pier at Salem, Massachusetts.

"It looks like rain," Barbie ventured. The next minute the rain started coming down in torrents.

"C'mon," said Nan, "let's run for shelter."

We ran down Turner street till we reached the bottom, where a large sign stared at us. "Come in and make a tour of The House of Seven Gables," it told us wordlessly. We decided to accept the invitation.

A little bell tinkled as we pushed open the door of the quaint, little

gift shop that adjoined the house. Souvenirs and novelties adorned all manners and types of shelves, which were laid right around the room. The tour of the house had already begun as we crossed the hall into the ancient parlor and followed the party.

The guide was a young girl with soft, resonant tones in her voice, extremely appropriate to that particular position she held. The party consisted of a young lieutenant and his wife, an elderly man and his wife with their young son, and the latest addition to the tour, Nan, Barbie, and myself.

We followed along into the enormous, old-fashioned dining room, and then up the stairs to Clifford's room.

After we had observed all the unique and quaint pieces of furniture and various articles, the guide's noteworthy voice announced, "Now we come to the secret staircase. I press this panel, here by the fireplace, and a door slides back. This staircase was used in the times of Indian attacks when . . . etc., etc. . ."

I don't think anybody was listening, for we all were gaping and staring at that open gap in the wall which had steps leading down and was so narrow. We wondered how the stout woman could possibly get through.

"Now, you people walk right through there and I'll go around to open the door when you reach the bottom," the guide continued.

The lieutenant and his wife went first, then the young boy. Next followed Nan and Barbie with me presumably right behind them, and finally the stout woman and her husband. However, in reality, I was the last one in, due to my delay while examining the bedspread on the four poster canopy bed.

A faint light enabled us to see as we carefully made our way down the precarious steps which were curved like the stairs of a lighthouse. When we were walking down the last of the steps, I stopped to scrutinize a copper kettle with "Naumkeg" inscribed on it, the old Indian name for Salem. I started down the last of the stairs realizing that everyone except me was already down them, when I heard a bolt click. Misfortune had arrived. I was alone in the secret staircase.

Most people would have been panic stricken at being in the same predicament as I was. But not I. The idea of being locked in a secret stairway with no immediate access to safety thrilled me beyond words. I remembered gleefully that the panel had slid back behind me at the top of the staircase;

which meant both exits for the present were useless.

I walked around, marveling at the cleverness of the colonists who had built steps into so limited an amount of space and still managed to leave articles here and there by the side.

I sat down and opened a small chest which contained an embroidered sampler, a set of ancient pewter, and a complete wardrobe of a young colonial girl. I began changing clothing quickly. Voluminous petticoats of which there were three; a long skirt which billowed out in a hoop; a waistcoat with a high collar and stiff long sleeves; high buckled patent leather boots, and a quaint little white cap which fitted tightly over my head and tied underneath the chin with a blue ribbon.

"Well," I gasped, "I wish someone could only see me now; they'd really think they had gone back a hundred years."

I looked around further, but finding nothing more of interest, I sat on a step and began soliloquizing over what was to be my fate. I glanced at my watch. It was 9:30.

"I wouldn't mind this if I had something to do."

I took out my wallet and took out of it all the pictures, and all the papers, and all the money. Then I rearranged the pictures and put them back. I read all the papers, destroyed the ones I no longer needed, and replaced the rest. I arranged the money in stacks of nickels, pennies, and dimes, and a single dollar bill. I then inquired into every coin and observed the date and inscription on each. Those, too, I relinquished to the wallet. It was now 10:00.

I got up and walked up to the entrance that we had used when we had come in. There was not even a scratch on the panel in which you could insert your fingers to pull it

open. It was as smooth as glass. I walked back down again, hampered somewhat by the long skirts I still had on. I reached the extreme bottom and tried that panel. It was locked. I walked up to approximately the middle of the stairs and sat down again. I was now not only getting bored, but a trifle squeamish about staying there all day and perhaps the night, too.

I found a pencil in my jacket pocket and commenced playing tit-tat-toe on the wall. After losing six games and winning six, I looked at my watch. It was 10:45. I had been in the staircase over an hour.

"I should think they would find me now. Why don't they come back for me?" I wailed.

A rattle at the top of the stairs responded as if in answer. I ran up the stairs as the panel started to slide open. But, woe is me! Instead of a glad, relieved sigh, Barbie and Nan, and the soft-voiced guide emitted the most terrified shriek I have ever yet heard. Before I could utter a sound, they turned and fled. The panel slid back to its former position. By this time I was completely bewildered. I pondered with my chin cupped in my hands, my fingers encountering the ribbon underneath my chin.

"Of course!" I shouted. "They must have been terrified, seeing me in this outfit. A colonial girl nonchalantly taking a stroll up the stairs!" When the humor of the situation struck me, I laughed myself giddy.

Then I sat down to wait again.

"Will they come back? Will they leave me here alone to stay the night?" I queried.

I arose, went and changed into my own clothes; put all the clothes back into the chest; closed it; took out my wallet; rearranged the pictures and the papers again; stacked and un-

stacked the money; put it back in the wallet again. It was now 11:30.

I realized that no sounds could be heard outside this staircase, since it was built in the interior of the house; so I refrained from any show of dramatic help-calling. When I was ready to give up hope altogether, I heard the rattle again. This time I was afraid to risk going up the stairs and meeting whoever it might be. They would undoubtedly be armed, and I had no desire to be laid waste yet.

"Friend or foe?" I called. There was no answer. "There's someone up there, I know," I persisted. "Are you friend or foe?"

In the next split second I was going to run as fast as I could in the opposite direction, when Nan's voice came floating down.

"It's all right, Louise; we just brought the Salem Police Force along to investigate our colonial damsel of 1789."

Louise R. Consoli, '48

PAUL REVERE II

One brisk afternoon in September, my friend and I were returning from a ride in the Parker Forest. Since both horses were quite tired, we unfortunately weren't as alert as we might have been. By this time we were rounding a curve and a half mile of straight road stretched before us. All at once things began to happen. My horse, Lady Buck, arose on her hind legs with a shrill neigh. Then just as suddenly she was down and tearing down the road. I was still mounted so far. "What shall I do?" I shrieked, but we were already too far away by that time for me to hear my friend's answer.

I held on as best I could as we raced down the highway. Some travellers had stopped their car by the side of the road and were admiring

the scenery. When they saw Lady Buck come charging down upon them, they scurried to the car like so many frightened little rabbits.

By now we had really caused quite a commotion. Cars were slowing up and stopping on both sides of the road, while my companion was trying in vain to catch up with me. My father was sitting on our front lawn and when he caught sight of us, he jumped up in alarm and hurried out to the road.

I was beginning to enjoy myself by this time because I realized if I were going to fall off I would have done so long ago. I had lost my scarf and my hair was standing on end, more from the wind than from fright, now, though. My jacket was almost off and I was bumping up and down in a wild fashion. Altogether we must have made quite a spectacle.

We were nearing home now, and I was wondering if I could turn Lady Buck into the yard when, to my astonishment and almost to my dismay, as I nearly kept right on going, Lady Buck stopped short. With another piercing neigh, she calmly strutted up to her stall. Raising her feet and bringing them down firmly, she looked as if she had just come from the parade grounds.

The cause of this mad race, as I figured out afterwards, was that she suddenly remembered her supper and could not wait for it any longer.

Mary Clare Hickey, '48

ONE DARK NIGHT

One dark night (I know all nights are dark but this was exceptionally so) a gang of girls decided to bunk over-night at a cabin that had formerly been a girls' summer camp. We pedaled to the camp, using up a lot of energy in the early afternoon. It was a hectic afternoon spent running and scampering around like two year olds. And finally dusk began to

creep around the corner. We had been telling each other ghastly terrifying tales, each trying to be braver than the rest by relating an even more horrible yarn. I was amongst a few of the bolder and braver girls, and no matter how I tried to steal quietly away and get amongst the timid ones who were whispering revised fairy tales, my companions would always drag me back into the dreaded circle again. They appeared to be more glorious and heroic by the minute, watching and smirking at my white and terrified face. Finally one girl suggested that the girls surrounding her, of whom I was one, sneak out at midnight and go down to the edge of the lake. Everyone screamed, "Why do you wish to go there?" and thus she told us of the heart-broken lover (she knew him by no other name) who was strolling, with his fiancée on the eve of their wedding, along the banks of this very lake. It was 11:45 P. M. when the happy couple heard this unearthly scream. The heartbroken lover ran to the rescue to help the unfortunate and troubled person. When he failed to find any such person he returned to find his wife-to-be vanished. And now the theory was that he wandered around the lake every dark night and people that were believed to have come in contact with him had never been seen or heard of since. After Janet had finished this tale I was in no mood to go galavanting around at 12 mid-night, so when I made no comment as to whether I was going or not, they claimed I would lead the way. We went to bed and my heart was pounding furiously. Finally I dropped off only to be awakened with a few girls shaking me and telling me to hurry up. I then again realized the dangerous mission I must complete. Just as I was tiptoeing out the door with three girls behind me, a stern voice that I recognized to be the chaperon's, said,

"Margie, just where do you think you are taking these girls at this time of night?" I was so overjoyed that I couldn't breathe a word. I was put on kitchen duty for the rest of that camping trip — but if you could only realize how much I enjoyed that, as compared with that unforgettable dark night, you would understand why I was all smiles when she assigned me that punishment.

Marjorie Lee, '48

THE MUFFED CHANCE

He was one of those boys who was always in demand. Whenever there was anything to be done, it was Russ who did it. "Russ, would you collect the tickets?", "Russ, will you be the chairman for the dance?" and "Russ, we need you to play quarterback," were the familiar chants at school. Russell David Morton was popular, and he knew it.

Around school and in Hopedale when the slick red convertible with the tall handsome blond behind the wheel was seen on the street, it meant only one thing: Russ was out to have a good time. Usually dressed in the height of fashion, he had more gabardine sport pants and snappy tweed jackets than he could ever wear. When a girl went out with Russ, there was no doubt that she would have a good time. He could be serious, sing, dance and romance with the best of them.

Russ was no idle shirker, however. He was a go-getter and he was out to make something of himself. No borrowed homework, or skipped assignments for him. He was the class brain, or so he thought.

One day in June, Miss Baker, the English teacher, told the Senior English class, "Colbrooke College is awarding to the ablest freshman entering that college this fall a \$4,000 scholarship. The award will be based on marks received in a competitive

examination to be held at the college July 29th."

Then the room started buzzing about who should try for the scholarship and, of course, Russ' name was mentioned. Miss Baker interrupted the discussion to make an announcement to the effect that she hoped some people would try for the scholarship, and then class was dismissed.

Russ and his best friend, Ted, rode home from school together. It had always surprised folks how these two had chummed together since childhood. Ted was entirely different from Russ, more on the slow, quiet, thoughtful side. Ted always took the back seat when Russ was around, but when given half a chance he could come into his own very well.

"What d'ya think about the scholarship?" asked Russ, the day after the contest had been announced.

"Sounds okay to me," rejoined Ted, "but it will be a mighty hard thing to win. I heard there were about 100 fellows trying for it, too."

"Doesn't sound bad to me, either. In fact, I think I'll sign up tomorrow and then start crammin'. I imagine I'll be the only one trying for it from our school, don't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, no, because I think I'll sign up, too. I got pretty good marks this year. Whatcha say, pardner?"

"Suit yourself."

"Might be able to give you a run for your money, at that," laughed Ted.

It finally narrowed down to Russ and Ted who were to be the senior class entrants in the contest. Secretly Russ had been a little annoyed at Ted for thinking he could win. It had really not bothered him, though, until that day late in June when his mother said, "Russ, your dad and I have been talking it over and we're just not going to be able

to send you to college."

"But ma----," exclaimed Russ.

"I know it sounds hard dear, but we've been spending too much money lately. It just isn't possible to raise enough for you to go."

The day of the test arrived and they filed into the classroom. "Take your places a seat apart," droned the professor, "and it is needless to say that anyone seen talking or communicating in any way with his neighbor will be disqualified."

It was imperative now that Russ win the scholarship in view of what his mother had told him.

Russ and Ted took their places a seat apart and the tests were passed out.

"I've got to win, I've got to win." The thought kept whirring around in Russ' brain.

The first test was history and that came easy. Science and English were next. Things were getting harder, but there was nothing to worry about. Russ looked at Ted and Ted winked back at him.

"What's he so happy about," thought Russ. "I wonder if he'll win?"

Then all of a sudden the bottom dropped out of Russ' world. They passed out the French test. He struggled through the questionnaire until the last question and then he was stumped.

"I wonder if Ted got the answer. I wonder, I wonder." Russ couldn't stop the onrush of thoughts.

"You could win if you knew the answer to this question." Why was his mind tormenting him so?

"Go ahead and look at Ted's paper."

"No, don't."

"You'll win if you do."

"You'll be cheating."

Before he realized what he was doing, he had leaned over and borrowed

Ted's eraser, put the answer on his paper and passed it in to the examiner.

Then the full realization of what he had done came upon him. Had the professor seen him? Would he be disqualified? How his mind ached.

Weeks passed and no news came from the college. Each time Russ thought of what he had done he invented excuses for himself. It was easier that way.

The letter came and Russ knew that he would never forget that day. Among other things, the professor told him that he could have left that one question unanswered. What Russ had missed was that the directions had specified—Answer 9 out of 10.

It was too late now, though. The professor had seen Russ and he had lost the scholarship.

Nancy Ballantyne, '48

A BEAUTY EXPERT

"Any questions, girls?" asked the woman who had been speaking to us the entire afternoon on the well-known subject of beauty. No one spoke. I think we all had the same thing in mind, which was, how could a woman, who claimed herself a beauty expert, lecture on beauty when she herself was a perfect specimen of Miss Needsom Glama. Her eyebrows, a very outstanding quality of her face, made me think of a collision of two trains running on the same track, but coming from different directions. They met in the center in a confusion of fuzz. The clothes that she wore presented no evidence of style and stunningness which she had just finished instructing us about. Her stockings, though they were very sheer, bagged at the knees horribly. Then I glanced at her shoes. They looked as though they were looking

for someone—someone in the seventeenth century. They were of greenish-brown color, with three straps used to hold the shoe on. The material was either lizard or alligator skin, and to make matters worse they didn't fit her. There was a vacant space in the back where her heel was supposed to be.

After she had waited around for ten minutes, she picked up her bag and gloves and stalked out of the room in a huff. That was the last that we saw of our eccentric beauty expert.

Eleanor George, '48

BEWILDERED

"Ring-ing," went the second bell as the boys and girls in English 2-4 settled back in their seats.

"This afternoon I believe we're to have a short review," smiled the teacher as she re-arranged her books. "Now James Watson, please tell us the parts of speech."

"Er--er--nouns--er-- Oh, verbs," he mumbled as he slid back into his seat.

"Stand up! And speak distinctly!"

"Er--nouns--er--verbs--er."

"Mary Smith, can you help him?" questioned the teacher.

"Nouns, pronouns, verbs, adverbs, adjectives, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections," smiled Mary triumphantly.

"Very good," smiled the teacher approvingly. "Now, James, since Mary has helped you so very much, don't you suppose you could tell us the two kinds of nouns?"

"Huh? Two kinds of nouns? Oh! Nouns and pronouns."

"Certainly, you don't mean that."

"Er--er--common nouns."

"Why, of course. Now what is the other kind of nouns?"

"Pronouns?"

"I told you before that was wrong."

"Er--er--proper nouns!"

"That's fine."

As Jimmie settled back in his seat, he grumbled, "Gosh! Why does she always call on me?"

Rosemary Macklin, '50

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

I was so excited! I had on a new suit that made me look at least sixteen. I was only twelve at the time. It was the first night club I had ever been to.

First, of course, we had dinner, and then my mother called over the handsome orchestra leader and told me to ask him to play something. I was so surprised that I just barely told him, in little more than a whisper, to play "The Blue Danube." He was very kind when he told me that he was sorry, but his orchestra only played popular music, so my mother told him to play one of the popular tunes of the day.

The next thing that happened left me shaking all evening. The Rainbow Club provides its customers with two dancing teachers. One, a man, who teaches the women, and another, a woman, who teaches the men. The woman went first and then, it happened! The man walked right over to our table, which was right at the edge of the dance floor, and asked me if I would care to dance with him. I was so surprised that I burst into tears and my mother had to come to my rescue again. She told him that that was the first time I had ever been asked to dance, and if he didn't mind she would take my place. I guess I looked very embarrassed because while they were dancing they kept looking over to me and then had fits of laughter.

Now that I think of it, I laugh too, but after all I did have that new suit on and the Rainbow Club is famous for its dancing teachers and orchestra leaders.

Bernadette Vose, '48

THE STORM

Long before we had a chance to see the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out over miles and miles of the flat adjacent country. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings.

Coming near the beach, I saw half of the people of the town lurking behind buildings, some, now and then, braving the fury of the storm. Joining these groups, I found wailing women whose husbands were away in boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered.

The tremendous sea itself, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. Then, I saw it close upon us.

Viola Nicosia, '48

TAWDRY

She strutted along like a peacock, conscious of the show she was making, and the gazes she was getting. Her hair was piled on top of her head, but in back one lone strand hung almost to her shoulders, and the roots were much darker than real blonde roots. Her black dress was accented by a necklace and earrings

of huge imitation pearls. A large bunch of moth eaten faded violets trimmed her waist and the side drape of her skirt was edged with green sequins. Her thin white legs were sheathed in stockings, one of which had a marvelous run stretching about fifteen inches in length. Her feet were shod in unbrushed, mud-caked suede shoes trimmed with red leather bows and over her shoulder she carried a massive brown calf-skin purse, as big as a valise, from which was hanging a white hanky trimmed with garish pink and blue lace.

Ruth E. Turner, '48

THE LITTLE OLD LADY

One day last summer while I was working as candy girl in a movie theater, a little old lady came in. The day was hot and most people were dressed coolly. The poor little old lady was dressed in heavy winter clothes. She had a woolen scarf over her head, and had it tied tightly under her withered old chin. Her heavy coat was very ragged. There were patches under her arm and in the back. She had a pair of heavy stockings which I could hardly see, because her torn dress was almost dragging on the floor. She must have had a hole in the toe of her stocking, because her toes were peeking through the worn place on the front of her shoe. People were looking at her pityingly, but she didn't seem to notice or care. I suppose she was used to the curious glances and stares. It was probably with her last cent that she bought a five-cent box of peppermints, but she seemed happy in getting a box of peppermints in exchange for her nickel.

Patricia Currier, '48

THE PALM OF THE HAND

The skin of the palm was relatively thick and devoid of hair. The fleshy

skin was tanned somewhat, by the rays of the summer sun, but the creases of the fingers and the palm were beginning to whiten from constant flexing, and slight callouses, evidence of some hard labor, discolored the tan. Steady, well-defined lines marked their way over the smooth palm, with short, faintly seen branches wandering away from the main chain-like line. At the base of the palm "the bracelets of life" formed a gateway to the arm, while slender, graceful fingers extended from the center to form a hand of virtue.

June Schmottlach, '48

CAUGHT BY OUR CAMERA THE HUNTER

Looking at us over the stable door was Hunter, named for his ability. Following the true hunter type, he was not high-headed, requiring a long rein. His withers were higher than his croup, and the bones of his fore-limb comparatively long, being able efficiently to raise the fore-hand both in taking and in landing. Shoulders suggested great strength, and were like his pasterns, long and sloping. His loin muscles were particularly strong, while the hacks were large and gashins broad. His silky, blonde mane had been braided into stubby pigtails; his fine tail had been trundled into a ball in preparation for a hunting trip. Sunlight streaming through the open door shone on his golden-chestnut coat. The spirit of the hunt was all about him. In the stately-held head, the slight quivering of delicate nostrils, an impatient stamp of the hoof—he was eager for the chase.

Jean Mahoney, '48

LIZZY LEARNS

The night of the lavish party given by the Van Lunds of Park Avenue finally arrived. It was in

the honor of Mr. Ellsworth, a prominent district attorney on the eve of an assured victory on the most important case of his career. The newspapers had carried his testimonies and had closely followed his expose of two dangerous criminals who had eluded the police for six years.

When the guests had finished the last course of the sumptuous feast, there arose a penetrating groan from the district attorney. The hostess immediately rushed to his side and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Ellsworth, what ever is the matter?"

"I don't know," he gasped, "but my stomach feels as though it were tearing apart."

Before he had finished the last word, more shrieks were heard until that whole room was abounding in groans.

When the maid came in and saw this pandemonium she became frightened and telephoned the police. Then rushing back into the kitchen she cried out to the cook, "Something's happened to the guests, Lizzy. They're all holdin' their stomachs and moanin'!"

The color on Lizzy's face changed, and she pulled off her apron and rushed for her hat and coat. But before leaving she muttered, "Oh, Maggie, I've done something terrible." She then fled out the kitchen door with no further explanations.

Ten minutes later the door opened and a doctor with two police officers walked in. While the doctor was examining a few of the guests, the officers were questioning the maid. Under much pressure Maggie blurted out what Lizzy had told before she left. The doctor, who by this time recognized what was ailing the people, presented his verdict, "Well boys, I guess it's a severe case of food poisoning. Luckily I was called in time and there won't be any serious consequences."

Then one of the policemen, putting two and two together, yelled out to the maid, "Where does this Lizzy, the cook, live?"

"Gee," stammered Maggie, "she used to live at 713 43rd Street with her sister."

The two officers didn't waste any time in getting to this address. They were, undoubtedly, men of action. When the landlady opened the door of her boarding house, one of the policemen flashed his badge and asked, "Does Miss Lizzy Allen live here?"

"Yes," replied the woman, "down at the far end of the hall."

When the officers barged into the room, they found Lizzy crying on her sister's shoulder. As soon as she saw them, she jumped off the couch and cried, "Honest officers, I never would a done it, but I needed the money. I meant no harm."

"All right, sister, you can tell this baloney to the captain down at headquarters. As far as I can see, it's an open and shut case. You were paid by the henchmen of Lazzeri and Gadenske to poison the D. A. and in your greed for the dough, you didn't care how many others you poisoned."

"But, but, officers, please, please, listen."

"That's enough! You can spend the night in the cooler and tell your story to the captain in the morning."

The morning came and the captain started to grill Lizzy, trying to make her "sing." She tried to explain her story, but all was in vain, and while she was suffering the consequences, her sister at home had just received a letter addressed to Lizzy. She, believing that it might be of importance, opened it and, after reading its contents, rushed down to the station and gave the letter to the captain. His eyes bulged out as he

read:

Dear Miss Allen,

We are happy to inform you that you are the lucky winner of our \$100 cash prize for sending in your sauce recipe for baked fish. Your check will follow in three days.

Thank you,

H. J. Deinze Co.

A cry of joy came from Lizzy who had been sitting gloomily in a corner chair, but her joy soon changed to wonderment as she said, "How could my sauce win a prize and yet poison so many people? You see I tried my new sauce out last night at the party 'cause I thought it was good enough. —Gosh, I don't know."

Then the police station door suddenly flung open and Maggie the maid, pale-faced and panting came in.

"Oh Lizzy! I've been worryin' all night cause I think I made a horrible mistake. When you told me to mix it ALL IN I thought wou said ALUM and I put three tablespoons into the sauce.

"Oh, brother," grunted the wearied captain, "when will women learn that too many cooks can spoil the broth!"

Eleanor George, '48

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

The novelties the fairer sex
Buy with much ado
Probably seem all right to them,
But not to me and you.

They buy the strangest articles,
The devil with the price;
Any new fad or knick-knack
Always will suffice.

They always buy the merchandise
With this thought first in mind,
"I'll be the first to wear one,
And glory will be mine."

Mexicans and puppy dogs,
Rabbits, sometimes skunk!
Come, you females, tell the truth,
Don't you think it's junk?

'Twould be O. K. to purchase
An inexpensive ring;
But, glory be to heaven!
Must you buy up everything?

Tiny dolls and sailor boys,
Never mind the cash.
I wonder how you stand up straight,
Weighed down by all that trash.

And yet you act so nonchalant
Beneath your dime-store glitter,
Green shoestrings and boy friends'
rings,
'Tis enough to make me twitter.

But still I think I'll never see
A girl who'll please us men
And not look like she just bought out
Woolworth's five and ten.

I've had my fill of trinkets, girls.
My gosh, I've had enough!
Take my advice, just please think
twice
Before you buy that stuff.

Ralph F. Davis, '49

SEE A PIN AND LET IT BE
Wooden figures with pins on back,
Shaped as horses, dogs, or cats,
Bought in every five and ten,
Pride of the ladies, despair of the
men.

The housing shortage still goes on,
While wood is wasted on crosseyed
fawns,
Knock-kneed hepcats, bucktoothed
dames,
Are all included in this hall of
fame.

Yet I wish I had one thin dime
To spend just this time!
For the pin that I saw
Was shaped like Dracula's claw.

James E. Greene, '49

OH, THESE GIRLS

As I was sitting in the hall,
Some girls came wandering in;
The "junk" they'd pinned up on their
clothes

Would make a man's head spin!

Their sweaters and blouses were very
nice,

Their tailored suits were cute,
But gadgets and fixtures spoiled the
effect;

They looked like pirate loot.

Some pins of every color and shape
Were pinned on the right lapel:
A pair of dice, a horse's head,
Or a miniature liberty bell.

A horseshoe for luck, a rabbit's foot,
Or a turtle with brilliant shell,
You can find any animal you can
name

Upon the left lapel!

Now, girls may think these pins are
cute;

They like things that look funny;
But I just shake my head and sigh;
Why do they waste their money?

Richard Dearden, '49

THE LAST LEAF

The frost at night the leaves did tint,
The summer now had passed;
The trees in flaming garments dressed,
As autumn came at last.

The leaves bright colored lightly
danced,

As gusts of wind went by;
Some fluttered quickly to the ground,
And others reached the sky.

The leaves that fell did hide the
ground,

Our household filled with grief;
I hid the rake and watched for hours
For the last bright trembling leaf.

Constance Chadwick, '49



CHATTER

ON THE GRIDIRON

The 1946 football season started off with a thunderous roar. A high powered Tewksbury eleven came to Grogan's Field with the threat of running over our band of little warriors. They led at the end of the first period by a score of 6-0. However, at the final whistle our inspired group of red and blacks led 28 to 6.

Johnson, with the initial game under its belt, traveled to Woburn the following week and suffered their first loss to a heavier class B eleven, 21 to 0.

The next seven days found the trail of our boys ending up in Chelmsford. Here they fought a gruelling battle in the torrid sun, and jumped back to the win column by a score of 19-7. The fine running of Rick Carvell and Buddy Cyr proved an important factor in this encounter. Our "Mr. Inside" and "Mr. Outside" were at their finest.

The classic to decide the "Little Three" championship was staged in Methuen the following Saturday. Our slightly favored charges toppled from the win column once again to the tune of 12-0. Bad breaks and a wet field played an important part in our defeat by Methuen.

Back to Grogan's came our fiery charges to match their class with Manchester West. The two teams battled to the score of 7-6. Buddy Cyr's "educated toe" booted the conversion after touchdown clean through the outstretched arms of the goal post for the extra point and the win.

Our record standing now at three

wins and two defeats, the team set sail for Danvers. Once again the boys tasted defeat from a heavier eleven, 20 to 6.

High powered, unscored upon Concord, the undefeated leader in class D, was the next foe for Johnson. The two elevens met at Memorial Stadium in Lawrence. Johnson was trounced 40-6 but in the defeat the boys won a victory a moral victory They were the first team to score on the mighty Concord. I think we all recall that second half our boys played. The score was a close one 7 to 6. Yes, Johnson had a moral victory.

But our greatest victory of all came on Thanksgiving morning with our ancient rival Punchard. Mr. Lee's team was coached to perfection for the encounter. The running of Carvell, Guthrie, Cyr, and Vincent was faultless. The forward wall was terrific with Carmen Petteuito outstanding. Johnson was the winner 21 to 13.

Stephen Doherty, '47

J. H. S. CHEERLEADERS

The Johnson High School cheerleaders have welcomed four new girls to their group, Janet Smith, Joan Connors, Cynthia Ebersbach and Janice Fessenden. Marie Torpey and Joyce Gilman were elected as head cheerleaders for the 1946 football season. The group has worked together and has had an enjoyable time attending all games. Many new cheers have been added to the regular list which cause a lot of response from those attending the games.

Joyce Robinson, '47

FOOTBALL DANCE

On Friday November 15, 1946, the Football Squad and the Cheerleaders conducted a dance. The hall was elaborately decorated in our school colors, black and red. Our own Bill Callahan donated a huge, hand-painted picture of a tough, rough and ready football player. It was posted over the stage. The Coca-Cola Company lent us a beautiful coke bar which attracted the eyes of all present. It also boosted the sale of the tonic. Banners of all suburban high schools were displayed on the walls. Many novelty dances which included a jitterbug contest and a prize waltz were held. The committee worked very hard, and the dance was a great success.

Joyce Gilman, '47

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team got off to an early start this year under the coaching of Miss Fitzgerald. After a few weeks of training Coach Fitzgerald chose teams. Team 1 Joan Connors, Jessie Gucciardi, Marie Torpey, Elaine Champion, Denise Blanchette, and Joyce Gilman. Team 2 Janet Smith, Joyce Robinson, Mary Ranfone, Margie Schofield, Joan Diamont, and Joan Riley.

JOHNSON VS. ALUMNAE

The Johnson girls' basketball team got under way, Oct. 27, when they played the Alumnae. Both teams played very well and it was a close game all the way through, ending in a tie score of 15-15. Marie Torpey was high scorer for the Johnson team, collecting 9 points, while Jean McNab scored 8 points for the Alumnae team.

Marie B. Torpey, '47

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Once again Herbert Wild, Vincent

Lambert and George Stewart reign over the senior class. Herbie, our class president, has held this office for four years. He has proven himself worthy of this high position. He is active at all social functions of the school, and plays a good game of football. Vincent Lambert is Herb's understudy, that is, vice-president. He is an excellent artist. Ask him to draw you Walt Disney's Figaro and you'll see what I mean! George Stewart has charge of our records and money. He can always be found in his beach wagon, which, by the way, is going to be stopped some day for low flying. He is also a member of the football squad and is very good. Joyce Gilman, '47

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

Continuing in his path after two consecutive years, Peter White again resumed the title of Class President. Following right beside him is Joseph Guthrie, Vice-President, who is in his second year. Bernadine Gosselin was elected Secretary Treasurer, her first year in this office.

BACKBONE OF J. H. S.

A few weeks ago Mr. Hayes announced the honors for last term. Once again the "certain few" names appeared on the list. We wonder why some of the other students do not study a little more. Next time let's have double in number!

Six Honors: James Greenler, June Schmottlach, Florence O'Keefe, and Justine Fitzgerald.

Five Honors: Louise Consoli, Leon Wood, and Arthur Forgetta.

Four Honors: Rosalie Camasso, Robert Gordon, Robert Blanchette, Mary Hickey, Ruth Turner, Eleanor George, Nancy Ballantyne, Jacqueline Meserve, Janet Knightly, Mary Finn, Rosemary Macklin, Anthony Forgetta.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

Fred Soucy, President.

Fred has held the office of president for two years. Fred is one of our most popular boys of the sophomore class. He is active in school affairs and sports. He is on the Football Squad.

Marjorie Schofield, Vice-President.

Margie, one of our most popular sophomore girls, has held the office of vice-president for two years. Margie is active in sports and is one of the best basketball players on the basketball squad. She was on the team last year and is on it again this year.

Mary Finn, Sec.-Treasurer.

Mary has held this office for two years, and has done an excellent job of it. Mary is not active in sports, but she participates in the school orchestra. She is one of our more quiet sophomore girls, but we all agree Mary is tops.

Joan Diamont, '49

FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS

The Freshmen Class Officers for 1946 are:

President—David Twomey.

Vice-President—Donald Smith.

Secretary and Treasurer—Dorothy Alvino.

These students are all members of the graduating class of the Albert Thompson School.

Margaret Hickey, '50

INTRODUCING THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Here we have a new school year and the Student Council has again been formed, with a slight change in the number of members. To the former number, consisting of fourteen home room representatives, there have been added the twelve class officers, making twenty-six members in all.

They held their dance on Halloween night. It was in the form of an old-clothes dance, and was very successful, despite the competition of two other dances being held. The hall was decorated in the customary Halloween fashion. Besides the regular dancing, there was a square dance and a snake dance. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

R. Farrell, '47

JUNIOR HAY RIDE

The Junior Class sponsored a hay ride on Oct. 28. An encouraging number turned out for this affair which took in North Andover and Boxford. The town hall graciously gave entrance to this enthusiastic crowd. There were Virginia Reels, Square Dances, and cider and doughnuts were served for refreshments. Sincere thanks go to Mr. White who directed the truck and safely relinquished his passengers as the last strokes of twelve were ringing.

Louise Consoli, '48



HUMOR



A GLANCE AT THE OTHER
SCHOOLS BOTH NEAR AND FAR
THE LAWRENCIAN, Lawrence,
Mass.

Janet. He's always a perfect
gentleman when he's with me.

Mary. He bores me too.

THE AEGIS, Beverly, Mass.

ODE TO AN OYSTER

Oh here's to the Oyster,
The dear little fellow,
He's white on the outside,
Inside he's yellow.

His outside is hard,
His inside is gooey,
For want of a better name
We'll just call him Looey.

He lives in the ocean
And never does roam,
His inside is him
His outside is home.

One day he was captured
As he lay in his bed.
He was raked to the top,
And hit on the head.

So now we find our
Cute little friend,
On a blue plate special,
Gad, what an end!

THE PYTHIA, Winter Harbor,
Maine.

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Freshies Emerald
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Seniors Tombstone

THE REFLECTOR, Saginaw, Mich.

Temperament: A temper too old to
be spanked.

THE SAGAMORE, Brookline, Mass.

POEM TO THE SENIOR CLASS

Graduation am cometh

High school daze is done

Even a moron nose

It hasn't harmed no one.

CHUCKLES

THAT'S BRAINS

Irving Berlin takes a worthless
piece of paper and writes a song hit.
He sells the copy for \$50,000. That's
genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his
name to a piece of worthless paper
and make it worth half a million.
That's capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel
and make \$1,000 worth of watch
springs out of it. That's skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of
paper and write your number on it
and make you lose \$10. That's your
hard luck.

But — when a man looks for an
apartment, finds just what he wants,
and when the manager asks, "Have
you any children?" puts on a long
face and answers, "Yes, but they are
in the cemetery," gets his children,
and brings them to the apartment,
that's brains.

Tree: A thing that will stand in one
place for fifty years and then sud-
denly jump in front of a woman
driver.

Woman: A person who reaches for
a chair when she answers the tele-
phone.

IMPROVING ON THE DICTIONARY

(Coronet — October, 1946)

Bank: An institution where one can borrow money if one can submit evidence to show one doesn't need money.

Bore: A guy who never seems to have a previous engagement.

Secret: Something a woman tells everybody not to tell.

Vision: What people think you have when you guess right.

Window Screen: A device for keeping flies in the house.

Husband: The man who runs things around the house; especially the lawn mower and errands.

Punctuality: The art of guessing how late the other fellow will be.

(Coronet — August, 1946)

Bargain Sale: Where a woman ruins one dress while she buys another.

Boss: The man who is early when you are late, and late when you are early.

Eyelids: Draperies for the conscience.

Golf: A game in which a ball $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter is placed on another ball 8,000 miles in diameter. The object of the game—hit the small ball; not the large one.

Income: Something that you can't live without or within.

Movies: A place where people talk behind your back.

News: Anything that makes a woman say, "For goodness sakes!"

Perfume: An expensive commodity that sells for a scent.

Perhaps: The calling card of hope.

President: A highly paid model for a postage stamp.

Soup: What people eat at the top of their voices.

"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

"Probably. She's a rotten shot."

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